More Gathered Autumn Leaves

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MORE
GATHERED AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY VERSICUS.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

BOSTON, 1903.

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BY R. G. F. CANDAGE.

DEDICATION.

The writer penned this booklet not for fame,
Nor, to perpetuate his humble name,
But penned it regardful of friends of youth,
Of acquaintances, old and new, in truth,
And all persons, who, honestly believe,
" 'Tis as blessed to give as to receive,"
In friendship's ink he gladly dipped his pen,
To write in honor of his fellow-men ;
To every person, who, with him believes
In the theme of More Gathered Autumn Leaves,
And by whom, friendship is appreciated,
These simple verses are dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Two years ago the writer privately printed five hundred copies of "Gathered Autumn Leaves," to which this little volume is a supplement. They were speedily disposed of, and failed to meet the demand, which leads to the belief that "More Leaves" from the same source would prove acceptable.

Since the former volume was printed the author has written verses for anniversaries and social occasions which friends have encouraged him to print, and the result is, that a part of them may be found in "More Gathered Autumn Leaves."

Like the former collection they are privately printed as keepsakes for members of the writer's family and friends, and are not for sale.

In writing "More Gathered Autumn Leaves," the storehouses of Experience and Memory have been drawn upon for the pictures and bits of coloring presented in the imagery, and with that success and truthfulness it is hoped, that fits them to be representative of scenes in the lives of others beside the friends of the author for whom they were primarily sketched.

With thankful appreciation of all that has been, or may be said in just criticism of this little messenger, the author sends it forth upon its errand of friendly regard.

VERSICUS.

Brookline, Mass., June 11, 1903.

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TO MR. AND MRS. N. P. C.

1851 — AUGUST 6 — 1901.

SWEETLY my harp sound thou a note of praise
In honor of two hearts that beat as one
Through half a century, now past and gone,
Their love grew stronger e'en from childhood's days,
As the banner at their mast-head displays;
With glad mem'ries of friendships then begun,
Strong and lasting with others later won,
Truly pleasing to one's retrospective gaze;
And they recall not only friends of youth
With pleasing thought of those surviving still;
But tender thoughts of some by wayside lain
Which departed years proclaim forsooth —
Their happy golden wedding ever will
Be held in remembrance at Searsport, Maine.

MR. AND MRS. T. N. B. H.

1851 — OCTOBER 14 — 1901.

WHEN joys and sorrows are together shared
By loving hearts that beat in unison
For half a century, we all must own
That marriage is not a failure thus paired;
Like honey in the chambered honeycomb,
Which classic Hybla's bees gathered and stored,
Such honored ones are filled with dulcet hoard
Of tender memories encircling their home:
And when their friends gather about their board,
Which choice viands are amply o'er-spreading,
When voices mingle with sweet music's strain
And words of greeting and of cheer are heard,
'Tis celebrating their golden wedding
Anniversary at their home in Maine.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

1851 — NOVEMBER 8 — 1901.

OF you, honored friend and dear old shipmate,
I have been thinking quite often of late,
How happy your life and how fortunate
The past fifty years
Unto you appears!
You have shared its responsibilities,
Its joys, sorrows and its activities,
Its changing scenes, its tender memories
And half century
Ending jubilee!

In wedlock's band 'tis given to but few
To journey together so many years through,
As has been the case with your wife and you —
Years have not tarried
Since you were married!
But while unheeded your hearts were beating,
They were on the march — never retreating —
And in their passing they were completing
Your half century
Anniversary!

At your home kindred and friends congregate
And many tales and stories they narrate
Of days gone, as they meet to celebrate
Your half century
Of matrimony!
They also extend a smiling greeting
Unto you and your wife, at their meeting
And friendship's hand-clasp they give, completing
In mem'ries olden
Your wedding golden!

And you my friends with overflowing eyes
And heaving bosoms, but without surprise,
Find fitting words in which to make replies,
Your thanks to express
In true tenderness!
Here draw the curtain and veil the tableau,
While your friends say "good night" and homeward go
Conversing pleasantly in accents low
Of your jubilee
Anniversary!

EIGHTY-TWO.

1851 — NOVEMBER 9 — 1901.

A SONNET.

"MARK the upright man" on life's busy stage;
For his honesty, in years that have flown;
For his fair dealing, from youth to old age,
For his character, established and known; —
His a true standard to be kept in view;
His an example, to set before youth;
His the Golden Rule has been of a truth,
"Do to others, as others should do to you:" —
Such an example we now have in mind;
Others are perhaps, also, to be named,
Who embody qualities and virtue
As grand and noble as all these combined;
If so, then let their honor be proclaimed,
They'll not detract from our friend of Eighty-Two!

To Mrs. M. T. H.

A Sonnet.

It is not often that a friend receives
Such a beautiful well turned compliment
For so small a book as the one I sent
Denominated, "Gathered Autumn Leaves:"
One who, in honest and true friendship believes,
Does feel much flattered by what his cousin
Says about giving for him a dozen
Friends of less value than he, she believes.
And she high opinion dost have of the theme
The booklet contains "and so high its key,"
To friendship's real worth in cloud and sunshine —
True in the shadow as in the sunbeam
Of prosperity when friends are plenty —
The author's thought is not better than thine.

November 29, 1901.

AN EVENING'S REVERIE.

At twilight seated in my easy chair,
Of boyhood quietly thinking forsooth
And personal friendship I shared in youth,
Through a raised window soft and balmy air
Of a mid-summer eve, starlit and fair,
Entered, cooling and relaxing my brain
From its activity, tension and strain,
A welcome relief from life's toil and care.

Dark'ning shadows gather about my room,
The books on their shelves indistinctive grew,
And then all objects were hidden from view,
Seemingly receding far into the gloom
Of utter darkness suggesting the tomb
And severance of earthly friendships sincere,
Once and forever, as it would appear,
Whether they be old, or of later bloom!

I in darkness shrouded, but at my ease,
Calmly thinking in indolent repose
Of labor life's activities impose,
And feeling the influence of the breeze
I heard sighing through branches of the trees,
A time when the mind in a reverie
Is sketching and painting its imagery
Of personalities and things that please.

Thus occupied whispering voices I hear
In earnest discussion among themselves
Coming from the tomes upon my book shelves,
On metaphysics, and religions queer;
And immediately I gave them ear
And listened in quiet attentive mood,
To the subjects I little understood,
With a desire to learn truly sincere.

Then listening, I heard Persia's ancient sage
Zoroaster, read from the *Avesta*,
"That none other than *Ahura Mazda*,
The Creator named on that sacred page
Is worthy men's attention to engage;
For of all beings, since the world began,
He commands the adoration of man
Throughout every land, and in every age!"

Zoroaster was that prophet of old
Of "The Wise Men," who were led by the star
From eastern lands to Bethlehem afar,
And the place where they the Child did behold;
Bringing with them frankincense, myrrh and gold,
As freewill offerings to the Infant Christ,
Whom they worshipped in that strange manger tryst
As the world's Saviour — "Sociosh," foretold!

Then spake Confucius — wise and venerate,
For the ancient time in which he flourished
Whose trite sayings are still kept and cherished
By the teeming millions in the old state
Of China — and these rules did formulate —
"Do not to others, what they should not do
To you. Live soberly, wisely and true
To parents and state — leave the rest to fate!"

Then heard I the strange words of Gautama
The Budh, about the soul's transmigration
Through many forms of lower gradation
By the universal order of Kharma
The "Establisher," named by Siddartha,
"After aeons of ages shall have past
Will reach the much desired haven at last
To be absorbed and lost in Nirvana!"

Then followed a devotee of Brahma,
Proclaiming his philosophy mystic,
Recorded in ancient volumes Vedic,
Old and musty tomes of the Purana
Lucid as the sayings of the Grand Lama
Of Thibet — concerning man's Salvation —
Closing his speech with this exhortation —
"Read and comprehend the ancient Vetanda!"

Then from that ancient land Arabian,
A voice I heard like that of Mahomet,
Saying: — "I am the only true prophet
Of Allah! And the only way for man
To reach paradise is through the Koran" —
He, the warrior and self-appointed priest
With sword red in the best blood of the East,
Allah's messenger was to fair Iran!

Heard I then the Indian American
Shouting as he falls on and scalps his foe,
The Great Spirit urging him to do so
Is his belief — and so the African,
South Sea Islander, and many a man
And savage reasons with logic profound: —
"Such acts insure 'A Happy Hunting ground'
When shall break the chord hitched to life's short span!"

And then David's harp of a thousand strings
Is heard vibrating in dulcet accord
With songs to Jehovah, the Mighty Lord,
And anthems of praise soaring upon wings
Celestial, until heaven's vaulted arch rings
With the melody, and the glorious strains
Echo from the hill-tops o'er the plains: —
"Praise to our God from all created things!"

Saw I then shepherds tending flocks at night
Upon the lonely plains of Bethlehem,
And their wonderment as the glad anthem
Of the heavenly host their senses delight,
And the shining stars together recite : —
" Glory to God in the highest; on earth
Peace good will to men; for this hour gives birth
To the Christ of gentile and Israelite ! "

Then in my mind's eye see I children fair,
Whose smiling faces knew I long ago
When I was young, before the winter's snow
Had silvered the beard or whitened my hair,
Gathering round my study chair,
And voices hear in warm kindly greeting,
While I wonder how was planned the meeting,
Pleasures of which I also am to share !

Filled with pleasing wonderment and surprise
Their fresh ruddy faces again to see,
That in childhood were so familiar to me,
And their beauty of form, bright sparkling eyes,
With voice atune to old melodies,
So enraptured my senses with delight,
That with joy unbounded was I at sight
Again of friends of youth I then did prize !

Youthful games they again play o'er and o'er,
And in many sports and laughter pass they
Many a happy hour in the old way
To childhood appropriate as of yore,
And pleasure giving it seemed, even more
Than when I last saw them play at Blue Hill,
About their homes near to the old tide-mill —
The old scenes that memory alone restore !

They seem in youth's activity and glow
Not in the least caring joy to conceal,
In dancing cotillions, the waltz and reel,
Such as we danced in the years long ago;
Not by measured step circumspect and slow
But with youth's overflowing vitality
And a true pleasure like reality
Which only youthful energies can show.

Then to me was given a mystic sign,
And these words saying: — "Join in our gladness
Cast away thy sorrow and thy sadness
From your present musings, and then confine
Thought within limits and realm which incline
To spiritual not material things;
That pure essence from whence all gladness springs
When darkness recedes before light divine!"

"We are not only the same you suppose
To have been the friends of your early life,
But are ever your friends through care and strife
Of your earthly career, e'en to its close
And then shall welcome you to that repose
And companionship, which shall end no more,
That all enjoy upon "the Golden Shore" —
That life given when Christ from the grave rose!"

"We find it a pleasure and a delight,
That friendly thought of us in your musing
Through influences beyond your choosing,
Have been active in memory to-night,
Finding expression in lines you shall write
To be read to friends, their minds to engage
In scenes on the road of their pilgrimage,
Making their lives the more cheerful and bright!"

Thus saying in darkness I was again,
Nor heard I in their departure e'en a sound
Of a rustling wing in the space around
To excuse their absence or, to explain
The reason why they should drop the curtain!
But this much I know and do comprehend,
That my reverie then and there did end,
But its scenes in memory still remain.

February 22, 1902.

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*Beverly, Mother of Blue Hill.

Honored Mother! to thine altar, by the waters
Of Massachusetts surging bay,
Thy loyal and affectionate sons and daughters
Freewill offerings bring to-day!

Homeward thy children from east to west are pressing
Kindred and friends of youth to seek,
Craving and expecting to receive thy blessing
In celebrating "Old Home Week!"

Thy parental welcome does every child include
Coming that mission to fulfil;
Even a distant relative does not intrude
Who greetings bring thee from Blue Hill!

Place of his nativity — thy children's planting —
On shores where waves so cleverly
With clear aqueous voices are ever chanting,
"Blue Hill! offspring of Beverly!"

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* Read at Beverly, "Old Home Week," exercises, July 30, 1902.

A Fifteenth Anniversary.

We are gathered to congratulate
Our friends, and with them to celebrate
A pleasant, joyous event,
That of having lived as man and wife
Together fifteen years of their life
In happiness and content!

Backward o'er those years into the past
Let our vision a moment be cast
Upon the young bride and groom;
Forward they looked with expectation,
Eagerly sought the new relation,
And its duties did assume!

There is no occasion in one's life
Of greater import to man or wife,
Than united hearts and hands;
No other occasion equals this,
And none gives promise of greater bliss,
When love inspires wedlock's bands!

Married, they apart no longer roam,
But together make a cosey home
Under their vine and fig tree;
With determination to do their best
To make affection a welcome guest
Above other company!

By attention to each other's need,
In their attempt they did succeed,
And their days together spent,
And children gathered at their feet
To bless and make their own lives complete,
In joys a full compliment!

Music of little pattering feet,
A trio daily their senses greet,
To parental ear no sound
Sweeter was e'er made by harp or lute,
Or in chords of harmonic pursuit,
Not in the home circle found!

When the Lord in Omnipotent might
Said: — "Let there be light, and there was light,"
As He bids us understand,
And He to the universe gave birth
"To multiply and replenish the earth,"
He gave the divine command!

Then let all as they hear voices prattle
And children's footsteps nimbly rattle
Through the house and on its stairs,
Keep in mind that 'tis the divine will,
That children their mission should fulfil,
And parents should fulfil theirs!

No more inspiring sight can be bound
Than that of children playing around
An orderly house and home,
Without an offspring to love and bless,
Fold in one's arms, embrace and caress,
One must feel truly lonesome!

A child to parent a welcome guest
Is, filling a void in heart and breast
Clinging to the parent vine,
Like the ivy to the oak firm and strong,
Strength'ning its tendrils, as years prolong,
To the trunk it does entwine!

Such are friendships and filial love
Between parent and child, like that above
It passeth understanding;
Beautifully sweet in possession,
Manifestly true in expression,
Admiration commanding!

There is also a respect of friends,
On which enjoyment in life depends,
To greater or less degree;
In which our kindred here, we do "guess,"
Large proportion do share and possess,
In their own community!

Relatives are here from Northboro,
Their love, friendship and regard to show,
With smile on face of ev'ry one,
From Framingham and Brookline, also,
(By invitation came they, you know),
And from famed Mount Wallaston!

Each a gift brings, a word or token,
Hand-clasps of friendships, yet unbroken,
And heartfelt congratulation,
And that quarter and half century
Of your wedding anniversary
May have a celebration!

Much all have enjoyed this occasion,
(Thanks dear hosts, for the invitation
You so kindly sent to us);
This glad fifteenth day of November
In your annals, you will remember —
And possibly, Versicus!

November 15, 1902.

Wedding Anniversary Greetings.

First born daughter of our home and heart,
Bearing the fond name of thy mother;
Thou, four years ago from us did'st part
Thy fortune to unite with another:
We did not lose thee, but gained a son,
Into whose keeping we resigned thee
When you two together were made one
And formed a separate family!

Our greeting we send thee to-day
With a cluster of blooming flowers,
Expressive of love borne thee alway
As an affectionate child of ours,
And on the altar of our hearts burn
Brightly the fires of paternal love,
Which this anniversary return
Strengthens and does our affection prove!

We hold parental regard for you,
Hoping happiness may be your lot,
In all the windings of this life through
May the Lord keep and forsake thee not —
May thy husband thee love and appreciate,
And thou to him prove a loving wife,
And each return of this day celebrate
Through the happy years of a long life!

November 16, 1902.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS came on Christmas Day
With "A Merry Christmas" glow —
And them we value — all the way
From the town of Northboro.

They are so life-like, bright and true,
They seem saying: — "Don't you know
These are Christmas presents sent you
From your friends at Northboro."

Yes, we knew them in a moment
And passed them around to and fro,
Until all the family there present
Said: — "Our friends of Northboro."

The interesting family group
With a pose becoming so,
Will never be called on "to stoop
To conquer" all Northboro.

We love to think of days now gone,
Into silent long ago,
When loving friendships urged us on
A day to spend at Northboro.

Friendships are there still, loving and true,
As they were long years ago,
But added years we own to you
Oft keep us from Northboro.

Age with its frosts, white and hoary
Slackens up life's onward flow,
But for us the name of Corey
We'll respect at Northboro.

Thanks for all remembrances dear
And pictures we value so
To you all "A Happy New Year,"
And long life at Northboro.

December 29, 1902.

When You And I Were Young.

Onward and swiftly time has past
Since in childhood our lot was cast
On shores of Maine, among
The pleasant scenes we still hold dear,
Which wove the web of our career,
When you and I were young!

In mem'ry's chambered recesses
Are heard sweet familiar voices
From strength proclaiming lung
Of innocent children at play,
In years, alas! now far away,
When you and I were young!

The song birds note ne'er was sweeter
In joyousness, or in metre,
Nor lute, nor harp well strung
Sounded sweeter in gilded halls,
Than did those voices at the Falls,
When you and I were young!

When children played upon the shore
Within sound of the sullen roar
Of the Falls, and there flung
Skipping stones into the water,
Loudly rang their notes of laughter,
When you and I were young!

Or, when sailed they about the bay
In boats, or with oar rowed away
Their pleasures to prolong,
None happier in the region round
Than that company could be found,
When you and I were young!

Filled with joy, yet a plaintive strain
Was echoed from the shores again,
An encore to their song,
A longing soon to take their place
On life's journey to win the race,
When you and I were young!

Often on willing errand bent
The girls and boys berrying went
Where bushes thickly hung
With ripened fruit of bluish black,
And in quantity without lack,
When you and I were young!

Boys fished for trout in Bragdon's Brook,
With worms for bait, bent pins for hook,
And line to birch rod strung,
With a few trout strung on a twig
The boys were happy and felt big,
When you and I were young!

In fields, pastures, and in roadway,
Gained was experience each day
As time sauntered along,
An education of its kind
Giving strength to body and mind,
When you and I were young!

Childhood's sweet romance everywhere,
Is building castles in the air,
Which neither pen, nor tongue
Can that pleasure in words express,
It gave a child of thoughtfulness,
When you and I were young!

It was by earnest childish thought
That steam power was revealed to Watt,
That sends a train along
Twenty leagues an hour o'er the road
On which our sires but one league strode,
When you and I were young!

That messenger, alert, tireless,
Marconi's telegraph wireless
To the atmosphere hung,
Would have been "a castle in Spain,"
Had it been the thought of one's brain,
When you and I were young!

Electricity, that potent force
More powerful than ox or horse,
To a tiny wire strung,
Pulling street-cars in city and town,
Was to our sires not even known,
When you and I were young!

It heats and lights cars and houses,
And in us wonder arouses
That to it does belong
A boundless field in its ranges,
And limitless in its changes,
Since you and I were young!

To gain more knowledge of the world
We launched our barks their sails unfurled
To fav'ring breezes strong,
Bade farewell to our native town
To steer the course for us laid down,
When you and I were young!

Old age to us seemed far away,
And life appeared a holiday
To which enjoyments clung,
And every thought coursing our brain
Sent thrills of joy through every vein,
When you and I were young!

O'er many seas we swiftly sailed,
And many barks we met and hailed
Amid the passing throng,
Pleased were we at the chance meeting
To interchange friendly greeting,
When you and I were young!

But the many whom we have met
Never have caused us to forget
The early friends among
Whom we mingled in the years past,
Nor, the place where our lot was cast,
When you and I were young!

We've seen the world and its worth know,
Its hollowness, pain and sorrow,
By experience wrung
From other lives beside our own,
Of the living and others gone,
Since you and I were young!

Youth, like blossoms in early spring,
Gives promise of a ripening
When fall shall come along;
Age, like fruit time, golden yellow,
So fragrant, toothsome and mellow,
When you and I were young!

Age, as well as youth, hath its charms,
And memories which the heart warms,
Of pictures on walls hung,
Portraying days long since of youth,
When friendships were sworn bonds of truth,
When you and I were young!

Age, one's mind and heart upraises
To Him whom all nature praises
With choral voice and song;
In Him all our faith reposes,
And until our short life closes,
We'll trust Him and feel young!

February 23, 1903.

Fiftieth Anniversary

of

Brother Winand Toussaint

In Freemasonry.

1852 — January —1902.

From European shores o'er ocean's tide
There came a stranger to this country,
Leaving behind parents and family
Here to rear a home and henceforth reside;
Greetings brought he "to Brethren far and wide,"
Recognized by seal and emblazonry
That he a Brother was in Masonry,
"Oft having been tried and never denied."

With Washington Lodge by-laws he complied,
Forty-two years a member has been he
And of the Order half a century!
Is the record and duly certified:
In his daily walk we've known him beside;
For thirty years or more friendship has grown
In our Lodge for him and about our town
Whenever his well-known form is espied.

In his life-long career he may take pride
That those who longest have seen and known him
A worthy Brother do gladly own him
In Mystic Circles to which they're allied:
In Beth-horon's friendship he can confide
Upon this jubilee anniversary
Of his fifty years in Freemasonry,
Whatsoever elsewhere may him betide.

January 15, 1902.

THE OLD TIDE MILL.

THE tide still ebbs and flows upon the shore,
As it has done for ages o'er and o'er,
As it did on the night that we were born
And awoke to behold the light of morn;
But the revolving wheel of the tide mill
Turned by the waters is silently still,
No longer one hears its low crooning moan
For the wheel, mill and the miller are gone!

Gone from the place that for a hundred years
Marked their existence, and nothing appears
As a memorial of their services,
But such as are kept in the memories,
Unrevealed and hidden from outward gaze,
By the few that knew them in olden days,
When many came with their grists to be ground
From distant and nearer regions around!

They came in wagons, boats and on horseback,
Each with a grist encased in bag or sack,
And frequently had to wait their turn round
Until it came, for their grist to be ground;
When the conch-shell for dinner gave the sign
They all went to the miller's house to dine,
And if per chance over night they were kept
At the miller's house they all soundly slept!

Deep silence now reigns where the mill once stood:
But on goes the ebbing and flowing flood;—
The stones that were turned to grind golden grain,
Only memory can bring back again;—
The miller, generous and esteemed man,
By his friends called "The Good Samaritan,"
Lies in the cemetery 'neath a stone—
The final resting-place of every one!

March 15, 1903.

A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

THIRTY years have flown since we launched the ship,
Which gracefully did from her bilgeways slip
Into the waters, for our wedding trip,
Life's ocean o'er to Utopia's Isle;
Where bright flowers bloom the entire year round,
Of sweetest perfume, encumber the ground,
And the song-bird's note of musical sound,
Life's weighty burdens easily beguile!

Isle of glad promise where friendships endure
Free from chilling frosts, from neglect secure,
With even climate, where affections pure
Are safely guarded by nature's warm smile;
An isle enchanting, the lover's resort,
Harbor of refuge, and a land-locked port
Of unsated joys and unalloyed sport
For denizens of Utopia's Isle!

For that far-famed isle free from every gale,
Up hove we anchor and hoisted our sail
To the summer's breeze which then did prevail,
With love our compass and duty our chart;
In their confidence shaped we course to steer
Over life's ocean, with nothing to fear,
While winds were steady and the weather clear,
We were contented and happy at heart!

Thus began our voyage on our wedding day
To that far-famed isle which, seemingly lay
O'er the horizon short distance away,
And easily reached on a pleasure trip;
But navigation upon sea or land
In finest seaboat under best command,
Is oft puzzling for one to understand
Who is not well skilled in true seamanship!

Over deep blue seas with all canvas spread
To favoring breeze the ship onward sped,
Apparently in her endeavor led
Soon to reach her port of destination;
But head-winds arose right across her track,
Shivering her sails, taking them aback,
Veering the ship round on the other tack,
Causing excitement and consternation!

Then the skilled sailor with presence of mind,
Braced around the yards sharp up with the wind,
Relieving the ship from "irons" confined,
And all on board from a perilous state;
No sails were split, nor any spars broken,
Obeyed and promptly were orders spoken,
To the entire crew tribute and token
Of careful drilling by master and mate!

Such experiences caused us to reflect,
That all fine weather no one can expect
Upon life's ocean, nor should one neglect
Prudent precaution to take, even while
Skies are unclouded and prospects are bright,
With golden sunshine in open daylight,
And the twinkling stars from above at night
Smile on one's way to Utopia's Isle!

Arrived safe in port had our ship at last,
And was snugly moored with anchors outcast,
None the worse for wear through squalls she had past,
To remain and lie securely at rest
In quiet waters, which had been enclosed
By nature'a design, and wisely proposed
For a protection from life's waves exposed,
And for lone voyagers the safest and best!

Many moons therein our good ship has spent,
Many joys therein we've shared in content;
With satisfaction and true enjoyment
We've sojourned therein the past thirty years!
So little its bounds have our minds fretted,
That time on the voyage we've ne'er regretted,
But to its teachings feel much indebted,
And shall, till from earth sunshine disappears!

May 22, 1903.

SETTLEMENT OF BLUE HILL, ME.

AND FOUNDING OF ITS CHURCH, SCHOOLS AND ACADEMY.

In seventeen hundred and sixty-two,
A little shallop, with a sturdy crew,
Sailed from Beverly, with the end in view
Of founding a town in Maine;
John Roundy, a stout-hearted Puritan,
And Joseph Wood, another just such man,
Honorable, courageous, brave and true,
Were the complement of the shallop's crew;
Departure they took from rocky Cape Ann,
And steered along eastward to Monhegan,
From thence farther eastward their shallop ran
To "Isle au Haut," off Champlain.

Maine's inner coast line, its harbors and bays,
Had not been explored in those olden days,
And was without charts of its channel ways,
Which did seem their course to balk;
But they were determined men, with strong will,
With a mission and purpose to fulfil.
And their little vessel their will obeys,
Regardless of rocks or charts of surveys;
'Twixt islets and ledges they steer with skill
Their little craft for a wooded hill,
Which in the distance did their vision fill,
Red men called Kolligwigwauk.

A range of hills, high towering and grand,
In majesty stood upon their right hand,
Attention of the voyagers to command,
Mount Desert, now of great fame;
Upon their left fragrant perfumes arise
From stately evergreens, sweeping the skies,
Of cedar, fir, pine and spruce, which did stand
Near the coast, with hills beyond the shoreland;
The beauty of the coast which round there lies,
Has been the wonder of traveler's eyes
Since it gave Round and Wood their surprise,
When they from Beverly came.

With fav'ring breeze their sloop up the bay sped,
With the high, wooded hills always ahead
As a mark by which she was safely led
To anchorage at the Falls;
Then they landed upon a rocky isle,
And concluded to remain there awhile,
Until they should come to an agreement
Where to erect the town's first settlement;
By prudent considerations guided,
They upon the island site decided
As better than the mainland provided,
On which to build their house walls.

L. of C.

Daily in solitude they toiled and wrought,
Encouraged by the ever present thought
That, when their families should be brought
From Beverly the next spring,
They would under their lowly cabin roof,
By their hard toil and labor find the proof
Of their thoughtfulness, and some comfort find
To compensate for comforts left behind;
And lest their religious faith should falter,
They there set up the family altar,
Upon which each day to God they offer
Prayers, and His praises sing.

And not only did they log cabins build,
But in rifting staves, at which they were skilled,
They toiled until their little sloop they filled
With salable merchandise;
Thus displaying true Yankee common sense
In a venture for paying the expense
Of their families, and also their own,
Which by months of absence had greatly grown;
All being ready for the homeward trip,
Their moorings at the Falls they lose and slip,
And for Beverly straight they steer their ship,
Friends and neighbors to surprise.

By neighbors they were welcome, and by friends,
With gladness and joy, reception which tends
For long-delayed absence to make amends
When one receives that welcome;
The winter was spent in preparation
For an early move and embarkation
In the spring, to the settlement in Maine
Where they were permanently to remain—
All being ready they their sloop unmoored,
In which their household effects were stored,
And with their families safely on board,
They set sail for their new home.

Why Roundy and Wood, two men of renown,
From their homes in Beverly should go down
To the shores of Maine to found a new town,
To some has been a mystery;
But go they did and with honest intent,
To that far coast and made the settlement,
For which we, their offsprings, owe them a debt
We should certainly pay without regret,
And keep in mind what pioneers most prize,
The story of their hardships and sacrifice
Whenever an occasion shall arise
To narrate their history.

There were eight Roundys and eight Woods by name,
Roundy had six children, Wood had the same,
Sixteen persons that from Beverly came
To the Falls to settle down;
Roundy had six daughters—Mary, Hannah,
Elizabeth, Charity, Anne and Emma;
Wood had Ruth one, and five sons, Samuel,
Joseph, Robert, Joshua and Israel;
The wife of Roundy was Elizabeth Rae,
Wood's wife was Ruth Haskell, the Records say,
Names worthy of remembrance here today,
And of honor in the town.

Fame of the settlement spread far and near
During the next and the following year,
And other persons on the scene appear
Its advantages to share:
Andover sent Darling, Holt and Parker,
Carleton, Osgood, Peters, Stevens, Faulkner;
Beverly sent Candage, Coggin, Friend, Day,
Herrick, Dodge, Ober, Stanley, Morse and Clay;
Other towns sent Cushing, Coburn, Johnson,
Hinckley, Carter, Witham, Brown, York, Horton,
Tenny, Clough, Stover, Means, Perkins, Norton,
And others not mentioned here.

Shortly after founding the settlement,
Our Ancestors for greater improvement,
Organized a local town government,
An act seeming far reaching;
They chose as their first town moderator
Nicholas Holt, a good friend and neighbor,
With John Roundy to be the first town clerk;
Selectmen were Roundy, Darling and York:
At that town meeting every citizen
"Voted 'tis our duty to our children
That they may not grow up like the heathen,
To have among us preaching!"

That vote stands on the town's record pages,
And ought to be handed down through the ages
As the wisdom of our ancestral sages
That ignorance is a crime,
Which good citizens should never ignore
Nor even tolerate near their house door,
When the power of will is at command
Its ill-fated ravages to withstand;
The hope of a town, or a plantation,
Centers not in the few of high station,
But in well directed education,
Standard of worth for all time.

That their loved children might be surrounded,
By Christian influence and be grounded
In its teachings church and schools were founded
Shortly after they came down;
They voted money to hire a preacher,
They voted money to hire a teacher,
For the education of their children,
"That they might not grow up like the heathen,"
And a wise investment 'twas for those days,
As it kept their children from evil pathways,
And set an example worthy of praise,
And of honor for the town.

The early settlers were men eminent
In character and soundness of judgment,
Nor, were they found lacking in sentiment
Where the town's good did incline;
They constructed mills for sawing lumber,
Houses, vessels and roads in great number,
And highways the whole length of the town through,
Till in people and in renown it grew,
And they awoke to a realization
That their fast growing and loved plantation
Was much in need of incorporation
And 'twas done, in eighty-nine!

The first meeting house at the Falls outgrown,
They voted a larger to build and own
On a site near the centre of the town
Like the Old South in Boston
With square pews, high pulpit, and sounding-board
Suspended from the ceiling by a chord
Just over the minister's desk and head
Which the children in trembling fear and dread
Thought might fall and crush the preacher's discourse
On Adams fall and its entailing curse,
Or the preacher himself, which would be worse,
The children's thoughts were lost on.

To show the way things were done in those days,
The new meeting house, the town record says,
Took a "barrel of rum to frame and raise;"
And the work was so well done,
That at its raising every soul was there
In the town, each other's burdens to bear,
And probably in their spirit to share
A willing labor none wished to forbear;
Thus the new meeting house was framed and raised,
In which for forty odd years God was praised
By prayer, and Scripture lessons paraphrased
For the good of every one.

The church for preacher and admonisher,
Selected and called Jonathan Fisher,
The town and people's earnest well wisher,
And of cherished memory,
A man of rare common sense and knowledge,
Who was a graduate of Harvard College,
Within whose bosom a fire was burning
For founding a school of higher learning
An institution, with small tuition,
Making good and suitable provision
For improving young people's condition,
In town, and the near country.

He was a man truth-loving, and gifted
In gathering wheat from chaff he sifted
From the hearts of men, whom he uplifted
To see God's goodness and love;
On faithfully in his charge each day wrought
For the good of his people, and them taught
By act, word and deed, and by careful thought,
That their spiritual welfare he most sought
In bringing them to the realization
That they must have reconciliation
Through Christ's sacrificial mediation
To enjoy heaven above.

The first settlers of New England were men,
Of belief, as their descendants have been,
That church and school teach the needed lesson
For life's highest enjoyment;
And therefore the church and the school were blent
In harmony in each new settlement;
In one praise to Jehovah ascended,
In the other, their children contented
For the honors of an education
A fair measure of one's adaptation
And ability to fill one's station,
And adorn life's employment.

This town's founders in that belief grounded,
For an academy the call sounded,
Which by united effort they founded
In eighteen hundred and three;
Assured from that date was the town's good name,
And students many from other towns came
To profit and share in the vantage ground
The school had to offer not elsewhere found;
A hundred years swiftly have since rolled on,
Leaving of the founders, not even one!
Their life work into history has gone,
Honored be their memory!

Profits derived from the Academy,
Have been development and tendency
Toward higher mind training and energy,
In citizens of the town:
In footing accounts of a hundred years,
The fact on the ledger of time appears,
That the institution has always stood
For the best interests and common good
Of all its students in town, or elsewhere,
Who wished for a college course to prepare,
Or, only for an English course did care,
Is the balance handed down.

Far beyond the evidence therein shown,
Has been the effect upon the town,
In harvests from seed the fathers had sown,
Gathered in, and abundant;
Seed of the church sprang up and has given
Other churches leading the way to heaven;
Not necessarily all of one creed,
But all ministering to human need,
By teaching faith, in immortality,
Hope, the soul's anchor of security,
Love through an endless eternity,
And over death, triumphant.

The founders of our schools, sought to attain
Higher intelligence of mind and brain;
And such all must acknowledge has been the gain,
Through the old academy;
Within its hundred years of usefulness
Thousands, it may be said in truthfulness,
Of students have had occasion to bless
That institution for life's success;
And its Alumni Association,
Evidence today its education;
And with true, loyal gratification,
Observes its Centenary.

That here to locate the school fell the choice,
All good citizens of the town rejoice,
And with united hearts and choral voice
Praise the old academy,
For the wisdom of its founders, now gone,
For the time-honored work the school has done,
For honor to the town it brought and won,
And its pupils and graduates, each one:
Hail! to its late union and marriage fond
With George Stevens! and may children beyond
Fruitage of the past, be the pledge and bond
Of the coming century!

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